## A PEEP HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE BOOKS OF THE DAY

Annie Carmel, by the Author of the "Heritage of Unrest"-A Story of Canadian Village Life, Recalling George Elliot's "Mill on the Floss."

THE JULY MAGAZINES

Recollections of Dr. Packard, Reviewed by a Friend of the Author, Now a Citizen of Richmond - A Richmond Lady Gives Thomas Nelson Page's New Novel a Roast-She Does Not Think it Equals His. Other Books.

ANNE CARMEL. By Gwendolen Overton. Published by the Macmillan Company, of New York. For sale in Rich-

any, of New York. For sale in Ren-mond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price \$1.50.

e perusal of "Anne Carmel" in some bus way suggests to the reader's mind of Mill on the Floss," by George El-lin one book, as in the other, a ber and sister, with the strong like-

ss in situation.

The Gerard village family, from the following grandmother and the pretappealing blue-eyed mother, down to coune, with her stocky legs, her pigtalls, dolls and her invincible embarrass-t, are each skilfully differentiated delicate perception and discrimina-

In no one instance, however, dues aristle forcy as in her mention of Cecily Thorne, the possibility of Jean's future, the sweet American singer, whose appearance at respers in the little Canadian church is ne of the book's prettiest episodes, and is

censer; the gittering flost was sajoses before the congregation set on high; the incense, smoked, shimmering and irridescent in the light of the candles, up to the painted images above the altar; the one mellow voice scared out in the triumph of its song, swelled and fell and rose again. The sun glinted through a window, across the chancel and struck full on the priest, his head bowed, his soul and es thrilled with the beauty of sound.

Jean, the priest, who made duty the rule and safeguard of daily round and toil, had his hour of temptation as well as Anne, who subordinated everything to love, choosing that as the one supreme good of life.

Jean's surrender of ambition and of fu-Jean's surrender of ambilion and of fu-ture possibilities appealed to Anne, how-ever, as nothing else could have done. What he had foregone for her sake she found strength to do for his, and the book closes as it begins with brother and sister at one in St. Hilaire, and with the world outside counting as naught.

world outside counting as naught.

NO HERO. Written by E. W. Hornung. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price, \$1.25.

'No Hero' is a very pleasant and companionable work of light fiction, written in interesting style, and containing a variety of incident and change of scene. The story is that of an invalided British officer from the South African war, who undertakes, at the regest of his old sweetheart, to break off an attachment between her son and a woman much older than himself, with whom he had fallen in love.

The request is compiled with to such good purpose that the cause of the uneasiness becomes the officer's wife and the son of his old love returns to cricket at Eaton. The concluding chapter, in which the situation is clearly explained, is very humorous.

GORDON KEITH. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmont.
"Gordon Keith," the last book by Thomas Nelson Page, is given to the public along with a long list of other new books, some by well known authors, others by writers just bidding for public rayor. In common with others, "Gordon Keith" is being advertised as "having its first edition of fifty thousand coples so quickly,

etc." It is alluringly listed with books "delightful for summer reading." Reviewers are praising it midly, 'its true, but they are at least retraining from clashing with the publisher's interests. All these things have prepared the purchaser to expect great pleasure in reading the book. With very pleasant recollections of other charming stories by Dr. Page, the reader opens "Gordon Keith" in a frame of mind so favorable that when the surprise of its deficiencies first overtakes him he lays the blame to his own lack of insight. He shakes himself and reads with closer attention. At length he is obliged to acknowledge that this hook, from whose author he expected so much, is just one of the many written for an indiscriminate public that is newbook daft.

book daff.

But "Gordon Keith" is too huge a disappointment to be spoken of by Dr. Page's admirers in the passive, timid fashion of considerate reviewers, who are damning it with fain praise. If it were possible, it should be the duty of his friends to "tip it up," and it should be done unflinchingly. But the author has left the reader no opportunity to "tear it all to pieces." He has himself given it to the public in shreds—in a disjointed, disconnected, the tered jumble.

To present it attractively to a series.

To present it attractively in a review-a review that would outline the plot, hint fascinatingly at charming characters, vaguely suggest certain scenes that must be read with one's own eyes to get the real charm of them—to do any of the re-viewer's ruses to invelgle readers and pur-chasers, the book itself would have to be done over.

they don't phaze him. Environment make a man, but it takes Thomas Nels Page to make a hero.

From his earliest childhood Keith

Terpischore, the tamed schrew, nurses him back to his former heroic propor-tions. Later, at Terpischore's final tragic tions. Later, at Terpischore's final tragic exit from her too-mellow drma, Keith repays her by letting her die in his rina. He opportunely rescues the girl he loves from the arms of the lowest man in New York, who is klashing her by force in a secluded spot in Central Park. Now just here we become aware, and we have had no hint of it, that our hero's ideals are frosted. He knocks down this unspeakable man, exclaims "You hound!" and though he sees him many dimes afterwards, he never gives him the thrashing which, ideally, he should.

To us the weakest point in the action.

Il, had his hour of temptation as well as me, who subordinated everything to take the subordinated everything to the consistency of life.

To us the weakest point in the action of the book seems to be this: Keith in the portrayed throughout as guided by one strained that he had foregone for her sake she und strength to do for his, and the look closes as it begins with brother and ster at one in St. Hillaire, and with the orld outside counting as naught.

O HERO. Written by E. W. Horning. Published by Charles Sorthner's Sons. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, Price, \$1.25.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE. By Joseph Packard, D. D., 1812-1902. Edited by Rev. Thomas J. Packard, Washington, D. C. Byron S. Adams, publisher. 1902.

he sophomore class of 1855 and the same of the sophomore class of the same of

a vear my senior.

The Rev. Chauncey Cotton, D. D., was president. He was formal, precise and ultra dismified and not popular. He afterwards became rector of a parish in Virginia (in Isle of Wight, I think), and I had him at my house in Richmond. He had become much more natural and sociable, and fonded my children; so that I resarded him in a different light. Dr. Packard does not mention his coming to this State. Dr. Cotton was a brother-in-law of Bishop McIlvaine, whom I first saw at Bristol. G. T. Bedell became his assistant and then his successor as bishop of Ohio.

Dr. Packard speaks of the heautiful

In state. Br. Cotton was a brother, In-law of Bishop McIlvaine, whom I first saw as Bristol. G. T. Bedeil hecsme bis saw as Bristol. G. T. Bedeil hecsme bis saw as Bristol. G. T. Bedeil hecsme bis of Oble.

Dr. Packard speaks of the beautiful singing in the chapel at Bristol. That was well led by Thomas Leavell, I do not recall that we had any musical instrument. No being a singer, I come and Hymns, whilst they were being sung. There is one thing which has not been forzotten. Dr. Packard was tho only member of the faculity, in which there were three Virginians, who called at my room to converse upon religion. I do state of my mind. He found me engaged in reading John Angell James' "Anxions Enquirer." which led at once to the object which had brought him. After that affectionate interview, I felt very differential towards the then unattributed to them became worthy and faithful ministers—G. T. Bedeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Leavel, and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Leavel, and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. Y. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil, J. A. Buck, D. H. Buell, W. T. Leavell and E. B. McLine. Bues from Proy. N. W. Buttartiful ministers—G. T. Redeil Redeal protego of the Rev. Dr. Packard, I had and affectional

known all of them but forty. The his for the first professes minary and the sketches for the sketches for the sketches for the sketches for the professes minary and the sketches for the sketches for

smiled sarcastically at what they regarded as Ghson's infatuation; called him "Trapnell's sweetheart," and gave his pet a very uncomplimentary Latin sobriquet. Gibson was unmoved and only displayed the betterness of his own heart, BEN BLAKE MINOR.

Harper's Magazine.

In Harper's Magazine for July, W. D. Howells, in commenting on the willing-ness of most of us to live our lives over ness of most of us to live our lives over again, touches on the curious phase of the question—the often exprossed desire of women to be men. Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, discusses the question of a correct standard of English pronunciation and the men who have attempted to establish it. Ernest C. Rost tells of the curious traveling sand crescents of Peru which move across the desert. Other features are as follows:

His Prerogative. A Story. Margaret Sutton Briscoe, illustrated by W. T. Sunday Morning. A Poem. [Mildred Howled Business Organization of a Church, The Chem. Chow Chow Kid. A Story. Philip Varrill Mighels. Illustrated by J. M. Flags.

The Chain. A Poem. Louise Morgan.

hind him:
"Are you still there, Miss Somers?"
She came round the table, replying

the helm.
"Sing out for Ben Logan to come aft with a bucket and swab, and send him selow. One o' the women's gone sick!"
"Ay, ay, sir!"
Walton stood listening while the com-

Walton stood listening while the command went forward, his powerful figure as steady as one of stone, yet with a light in his eyes as dangerously cold and mercilees as that reflected from the polished barrel ranged beneath them.

Presently he heard the tread of the seamen coming att and recognized it. Satisfied now that only his old companion and confederate was responding to his summons, he at once returned to confront Rediaw, taking a seat opposite at the table.

"I once more give you warning!" he said sternly, with the weapon poised for instant use. Your life depends upon your

stole frustfully around his neck, and the beat of her heart was close to his, and yielding with the abandonment of a faith that knew no doubting, she gave herself to his caresses till her warm young lips were laid in love to his.

"Emily—dear, dear Emily!" he said, softly, "though thy love is thus given to a stranger—"

"Hark! Hark!"

She broke from him with the swift light of terror flashing in her eyes.

The tread of the feet above had suddenly cassed.

Trembling in the arms still enfolding her, with hearts throbbing wilder and her, with hearts throbbing wilder and her, with hearts throbbing wilder and lin that event walton well knew that

denly ceased.

Trembling in the arms still enfolding her, with hearts throbbling wilder and cars strained to catch the slightest sound, both paused and listened. Then the tread was resumed to and fro once more, and then receded till it had died away to silence.

"He has gone forward!" muttered Walton, under his breath.
"Yes!" the girl gasped faintly. "It startled me so."
"Do not fear."
"He fills me with dreadful horror!" she whispered, trembling violently and clinging closer. "Ilis hideous design."
"Hush, hush! It never shall be consummated!"
"God forbid! O. dear, God forbid! But "God forbid! O, dear, God forbid! But

"God forbid! O, dear, God forbid! But for you I should be helplessly in his power perisus, even now the wietim of his frightful—" "Emily, dear Emily, calm yourself! He shall not harm you while I live. I will protect you with my life." "Your life—no, no!" She freed herself a little the better to

sne treed nesselt a fire the octor to regard him, yet knelt with her loving hands twined round his neck. "No; not your life! I could not suffer that!" she cried, with passionate fond-

that!" she cried, with passionate fond-ness. "But if greater ill than that of the present should befall us—"
"Emily!"
"It may; it may, Archie, you know!"
she persisted pleadingly. "If it should, if aught should occur to part usa if I were unexpectedly resound or released and you

"But how can that occur "But for can that occur?"
"But if it should—U, Archio, it was
this I wished to say to you! I am carrying
such a burden of dread and Year and
doubt! If that should happen, Archie, will
you make me just one promise?"

"What promise, dear?"

"This!" she cried quickly, "That if living you will come to me in England, to my home in London, should fate part us here! You will let no false pride, no manly modesty, restrain you. O, I beg that you will not. Remember, I might know nothing of you or your fate, might

God willing, no power shall keep me from you, neither now nor hereafter!"

She threw her arms about his neck and kiseed him on the cheek.

"And you will keep the promise, Archie!" she cried. "I am sure you will!

You will keep it if you love me! You will keep it, too, that for all you have done and are doing my love and gratitude may have at least some fitting expression in—"

"Hush!"

But the warning came too late.

But the warning came too late.

Even while her words were on her lips and her kneeling figure clasped in Walton's arms, the door by which the latter had encountered Een Logan was abruptly opened, and the Imposing figure of the ocean outlaw stood in the cabin floor.

CHAPTER XV.

MAN AGAINST MAN,
For Redlaw the situation was one requiring no explanation. The few words he had heard, the scene that met his startled gaze, the sweep of mingled hor-

would have the upper hand.

In that event Walton well knew that he might expect only immediate death, and he realized that the situation could not be more aggravated, though he were to slay Redlaw where he sat. That he was prepared to do this upon the first provocation was vividity apparent in his threatening features, though they were as ghastly white in their severity as if already touched by death itself.

In response to his last words the views

for I have matters well in hand here for the present."

"Y can trust me, lad! the seaman growled confidently, "I've kept my bear-ings in seas as rough as this afore now."

"Then it was rough, indeed," Walton gravely answered; "for our situation was not more desperate when the Tartar pi-rates were pouring over the Nord Brandt's forequarter."

Shortly after Ben Logan returned for-ward Walton appeared on deck. The sun had set, and the entire sweep of sea, now comparatively calm after the storm, was "Point that d—d toy one side, will u? You might fire afore you know it!"
"I shall not fire unless you give mo cause."
"D'ye think I'm cussed fool enough
to take chances here and now? I'll give
in for the time, mate, that you're the
master And a master's orders are

all by the main shrouds, and who late-y had displayed for him a noticeable espect and friendliness, "Not a bad shift o' weather, Mr. Sag-setts," he carelessly observed.

She came round the those, replying tremulously:
"Yes, Mr. Walton."
"So you've found a lover in your captivity, ch?" growled Redlaw, with a glare at the girl's white face. "Seeing the stuff this fellow is made of, I should have suspected it, fool that I was! But wait a while, my lass! The rope's not yet run out, and you'll be mine before you're high. Mr. Saggetts crossed his legs, drew up his short body, and, with some display of pleasure at Walton's friendly tone, re-

of pleasure at Walton's friendly tone, replied quite heartily:

"A d-d good shift, sir! A man might spend his life affont and never see a wuss gale'n that o' yesterday. Aye, sir, a d-d good shift!"

"So 'tis. Captain Redlaw tells me there's a spare squaresail helow."

"Aye, sir, two on 'em."

"Tou'd better have one bent on in the morning."

"All right sir. I was a spare sail right to the sail of the

brought a low laugh of base am from Mr. Saggetts. There no little danger, for a time at lea he would wonder what kept Red

